



HAUNTED

NO. 61

00766

60¢

APR

CHARLTON

82/CDC

**UK
20P**



BARON WEIRWULF'S HAUNTED LIBRARY

...and all
because of
GREED!

AAAAEEEEEEEEAAH!

00766





AFRICA...THE DARK CONTINENT, WHERE FACT AND FICTION YIELD TO THE FOREBODING WHISPERS OF SUPERSTITION! HEAR WELL THE DRUMS, DEAR READER, AND SEEK OUT THEIR MEANING! FOR, THEY TELL THE TALE OF A *WHITE JUNGLE PRINCESS*, IMPERVIOUS TO HARM, EVER PROTECTED BY THE SACRED *MUGUMBO DIAMOND*! OF SUCH THINGS LEGENDS ARE BORN, OR ABORTED, BY...

GREED!



MOVE, YOU JOKERS...MOVE!
I'LL SOON FIND OUT HOW REALLY
SICK YOU ARE! THERE'S THE
TANGANEE OUTPOST
DEAD AHEAD!

PAIII

EDITOR GEORGE WILDMAN
SCRIPT STEVE MORISI

D5398

HAUNTED Vol. 12, No. 61, April, 1982.

Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, CT 06418. John Santangelo, Publisher, George R. Wildman, Executive Editor. Copyright ©1982 Charlton Publications, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 60¢ per copy. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114E 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

Distributed by Capital Distributing Co., Capital Bldg., Derby, CT 06418

ALL EDITORIAL MATERIAL HEREIN CONTAINED WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN, AND IS REPRINTED FROM, PUBLICATIONS COPYRIGHT © 1974, 1976 BY CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC.

I'M SORRY, MR. KANE, BUT BOTH OF YOUR GUIDES ARE DOWN WITH **JUNGLE FEVER**! HOWEVER, A FEW ANTIDOTE INJECTIONS AND A WEEK'S REST WILL PUT THEM ON THEIR FEET AGAIN!



A WEEK'S REST? YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING, DOC! I NEED THEM *NOW* TO GET ME IN AND OUT OF **MUGUMBO COUNTRY**... BEFORE THE RAINS COME!



I'M AFRAID THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE**, SIR! THE FEVER OUTBREAK HAS REACHED **EPIDEMIC PROPORTIONS**, AND ALL TRAVEL BEYOND THIS POINT HAS BEEN FORBIDDEN! I'M SORRY!



YEAH? WELL SORRY WON'T DO IT! I'M **STILL** GOING ON!

I'M AWARE OF WHAT THE DRUMS HAVE BEEN SAYING... AND YOUR TENACIOUS ATTEMPT TO RESCUE THE WHITE JUNGLE PRINCESS IS TO BE COMMENDED!



SAVE THE GLORY WORDS, DOC... **RESCUE** HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS! I DON'T EVEN CARE IF THE GIRL EXISTS!



ALL I WANT IS THE FAST **MILLION BUCKS** I CAN GET FOR THE **MUGUMBO DIAMOND** BACK IN THE STATES!

SO, EVEN AS JIM KANE ALLOWS HIMSELF THE LUXURY OF SOME FOOD AND A FEW HOURS REST, HIS THOUGHTS NEVER STRAY AS HE CONTINUES ON HIS JOURNEY...
ALONE!

ONE MILLION BUCKS... ONE MILLION BUCKS!



FROM HERE ON IN, I TRAVEL ON FOOT! THAT'S MUGUMBO COUNTRY... FORBIDDEN TERRITORY... BEYOND THAT RIDGE! I CAN MAKE IT THERE IN THREE DAYS WITH A LITTLE LUCK, MY GUN, AND PLENTY OF AMMUNITION!



I'M ALL THROUGH BEING THE GREAT WHITE HUNTER FOR A BUNCH OF JET SET PHONIES! ONCE I GET THAT DIAMOND, I'LL BE GIVING THE ORDERS... HA, HA!



THE FIRST DAY PASSES WITHOUT INCIDENT, AND A SECOND ONE FOLLOWS IT! THEN, THE THIRD DAY BECOMES A FOREBODING REALITY!

I'M BEING WATCHED! I CAN FEEL IT!



SUDDENLY, A SHRILL SAVAGE CRY SHATTERS THE ACRID JUNGLE ATMOSPHERE, AS A HOARD OF FIERCE MUGUMBO WARRIORS ATTACK THE INTRUDER IN THEIR MIDST!

AAAAEEEEEEEEAAH!



JIM KANE, HOWEVER, IS NO NOVICE TO ADVERSITY, AND REACTS WITH THE METHODICAL SURENESS OF A PROFESSIONAL AS HE CUTS DOWN THE FRONT LINE OF ASSAULT THAT THREATENS HIM!



ONCE AGAIN, A SHRILL SAVAGE CRY GIVES THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK... A CRY NOT UNLIKE THAT OF A WOMAN!



AAEEEEEEEEAAHH!

THE JUNGLE PRINCESS... SHE REALLY *DOES* EXIST! GOT TO GET TO HER! SHE'S MY ONLY WAY OUT OF THIS MESS!



TOUGH LUCK, BABY... BUT WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY, I'M BETTING THAT THESE JOKERS WILL TURN AND RUN!



THEN, EVEN AS HIS BULLETS STRIKE THEIR TARGET... JIM KANE GOES DOWN!



THE VOID OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, YIELDS TO
REALITY SEVERAL HOURS AND MILES LATER!

YOU...ALIVE...THIS CAN'T BE! UNLESS...
THAT DIAMOND YOU'RE WEARING REALLY
DOES PROTECT YOU FROM HARM!



DO NOT
CONCERN
YOURSELF WITH
SUCH THINGS,
BRAVE ONE! I
HAVE SPARED
YOUR LIFE BECAUSE
OF YOUR VALOR
IN BATTLE! REST
NOW, AND ALLOW
YOUR WOUND
TO HEAL!



THANKS...BUT
I'M OKAY! WHO
...WHO ARE
YOU?

I AM CALLED ZA-WA BY THE
MUGUMBO PEOPLE! THEY FOUND
ME WANDERING IN THE JUNGLE,
WHEN I WAS A SMALL CHILD, AND
RAISED ME TO LEAD THEIR TRIBE!

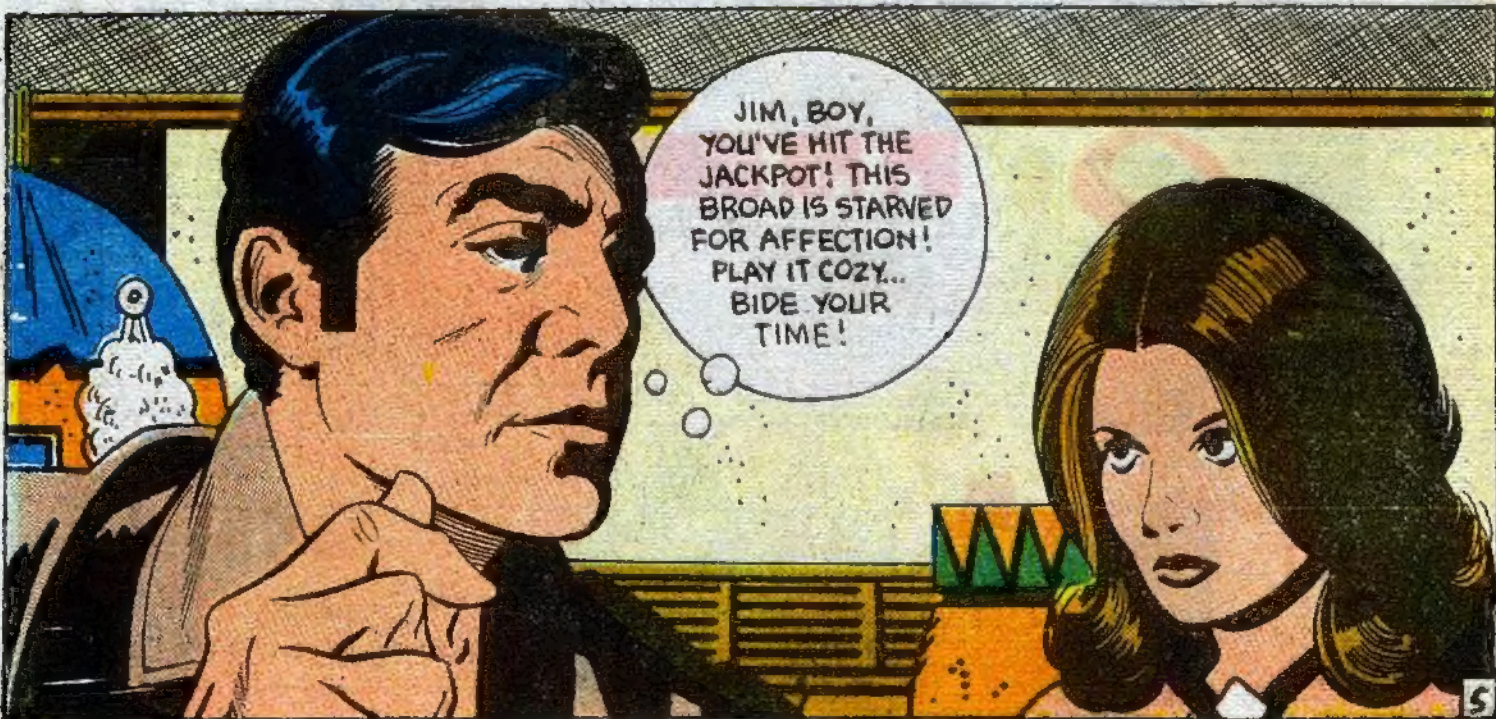


I STILL DON'T GET IT...YOU SPEAK ENGLISH!



A BLIND MISSIONARY, WHO LIVED WITH THE
TRIBE, TAUGHT ME YOUR LANGUAGE BEFORE
HE DIED! YOU ARE THE ONLY OTHER WHITE
MAN I HAVE EVER SEEN!

JIM, BOY,
YOU'VE HIT THE
JACKPOT! THIS
BROAD IS STARVED
FOR AFFECTION!
PLAY IT COZY...
BIDE YOUR
TIME!



SO, IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, JIM KANE PLAYS THE ATTENTIVE SUITOR TO PERFECTION!

HE LIKES YOU, JIM! THE TRIBE HAS ACCEPTED YOU!

THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU'VE ACCEPTED ME!

THE JUNGLE IS SO BEAUTIFUL ... EVEN DURING THE RAIN!

NOT HALF AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU ARE, LA-NA!

OH, JIM, DARLING, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!

I FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT YOU, LA-NA!



THE CRIES OF ANGUISH ALERT THE MUGUMBO WARRIORS!

UNGANDO
GONDA GOW!

LENGO GON!
LENGO GON!

JIM KANE MAKES AN INITIAL DASH FOR THE SURROUNDING JUNGLE AREA, THEN STOPS TO FACE HIS PURSUERS!

I CAN'T OUTFRIN THESE
JOKERS! GOT TO MAKE A
QUICK STAND!

THEN, IN A FIERCE DISPLAY OF
COMBAT, JIM KANE, ONCE AGAIN
METHODICALLY CUTS DOWN HIS
NEAREST PREDATORS, AS
MUGUMBO WEAPONS
GLANCE HARMLESSLY
OFF HIS BODY!

THE ELIXIR... IT WORKS... BUT
THEY'RE STILL COMING! I HAVEN'T
GOT ENOUGH BULLETS TO STOP
THEM!

DESPERATION, BORN OF A SENSE OF SURVIVAL,
SIGNALS THE NEXT MOVE... AND JIM KANE
REACTS QUICKLY!

HERE...
TAKE YOUR
PRECIOUS
DIAMOND
BACK!

IT WORKED... THEY'VE STOPPED CHASING ME
FOR NOW... AND I'LL BE ALL THE RICHER FOR IT!
THIS SECRET ELIXIR IS THE REAL PRIZE...
WORTH A HUNDRED DIAMONDS!
HA, HA, HA, HA!

SO, JIM KANE, KILLER AND THIEF, IS ONLY DAYS AWAY FROM HIS DESTINATION... **AND THE KING'S RANSOM THAT IS HIS DREAM!**

RAIN...STARTING AGAIN...SO COLD! I CAN'T STOP FOR SHELTER NOW...GOT TO KEEP GOING!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, IS NO BETTER, AS THE SCORCHING RAYS OF THE SUN TAKE THEIR TOLL!

SUN...MOSQUITOES...POLLUTED WATER...GOT TO KEEP GOING!



FINALLY, ON THE THIRD DAY, JIM KANE REACHES THE TANGANEE OUTPOST... **BUT IT IS A FAR, FAR, DIFFERENT JIM KANE THAN BEFORE!**

DOC...I'M SICK...NEED HELP...PLEASE!



GOOD HEAVENS, MAN...YOU'RE BURNING WITH FEVER...ONLY MINUTES AWAY FROM DEATH! I'LL GIVE YOU AN ANTIDOTE INJECTION IMMEDIATELY!



WHAT... WHAT'S WRONG, DOC? IF IT'S MONEY YOU'RE AFTER... **I'LL PAY YOU ANYTHING!**

IT'S NOT THAT, MR. KANE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY... EXCEPT... **THAT I CAN'T HELP YOU!**

THESE NEEDLES...THEY KEEP **BREAKING AGAINST YOUR SKIN!**



END

THE YACHT, CALYPSO, SAILING FROM THE VIRGIN ISLANDS TO THE YUCATAN PENINSULA WAS HIT BY A FREAK STORM THAT DISMASTED THE SLEEK VESSEL AND DROVE HER OFF COURSE .. INTO THE MOST DREADED FLOATING HELL ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH! STRANGE CREATURES INHABIT THAT VAST HEAVING BODY OF FLOATING VEGETATION.. SHIPS TRAPPED THERE HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO ARE STILL IMPRISONED IN THE CLINGING MASS... NOW, GORDIE LIND AND HIS WIFE SYBIL WERE IMPRISONED IN THE ROTTING MASS...

SARGASSO TRAP



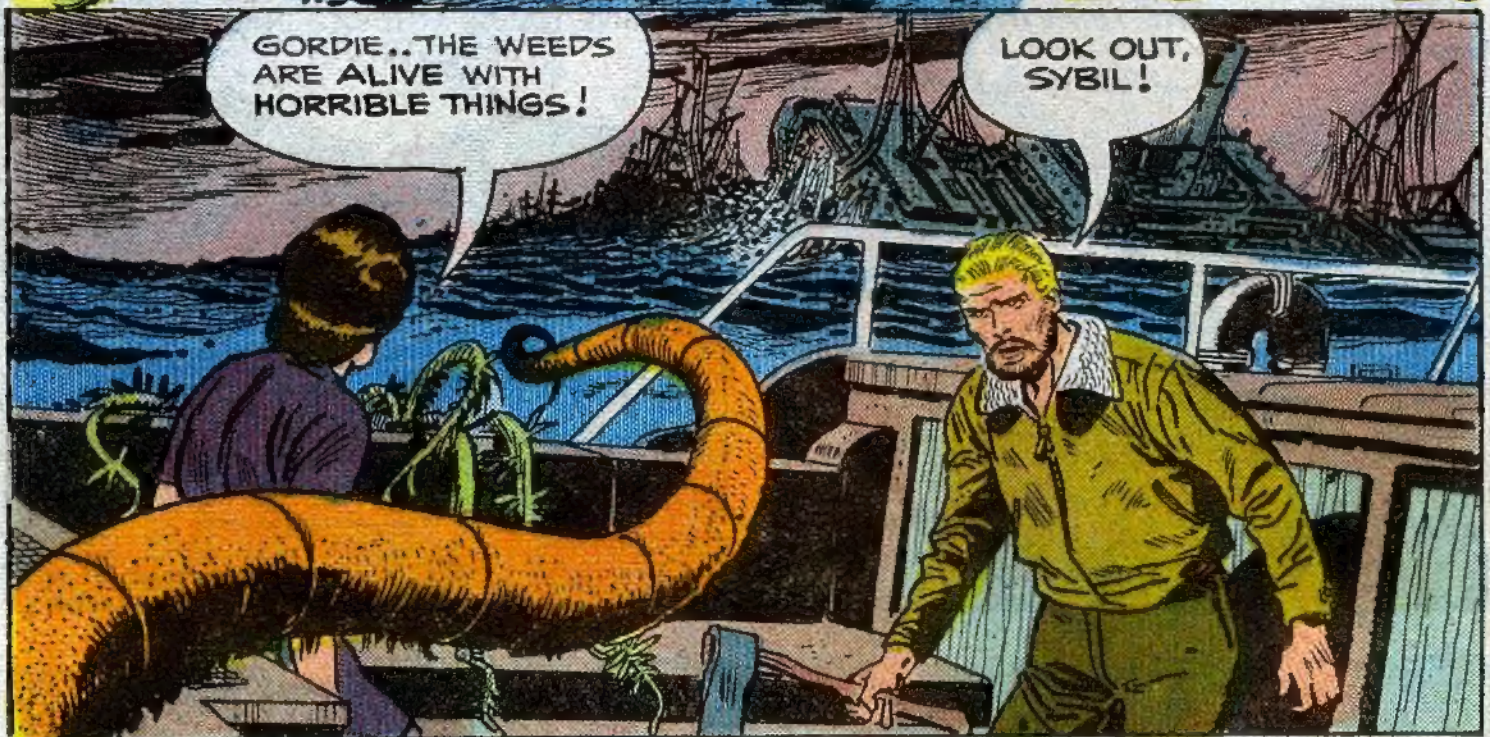
ED. GEO. WILDMAN

JOE GILL
SCRIPT

PAT ARL
BYETTE

GORDIE..THE WEEDS ARE ALIVE WITH HORRIBLE THINGS!

LOOK OUT, SYBIL!



EEEEEE

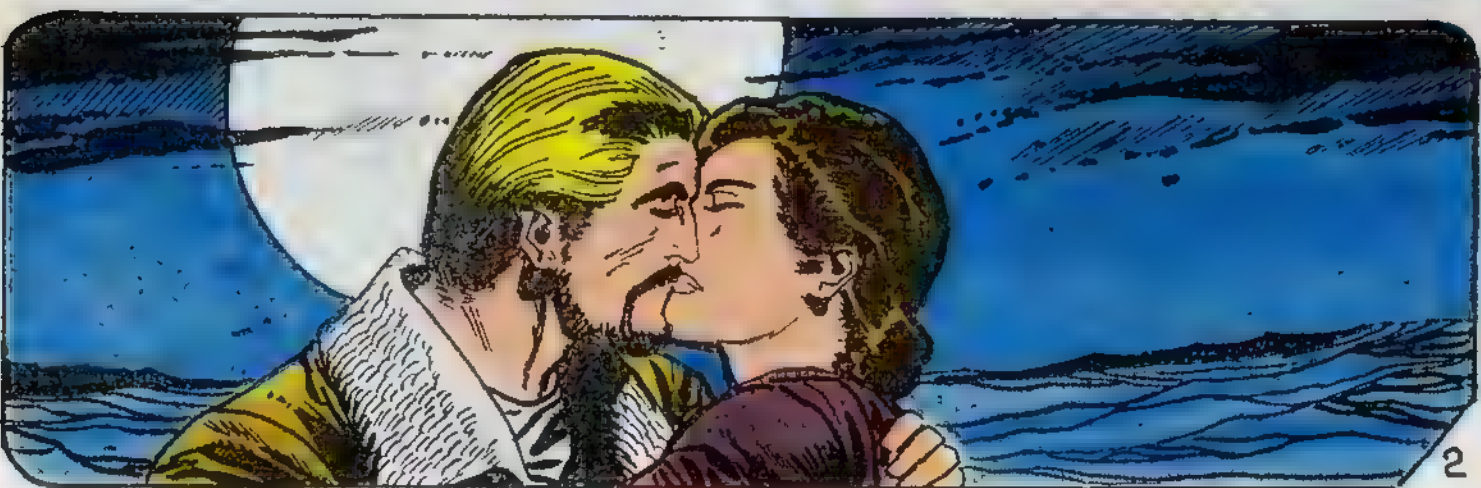
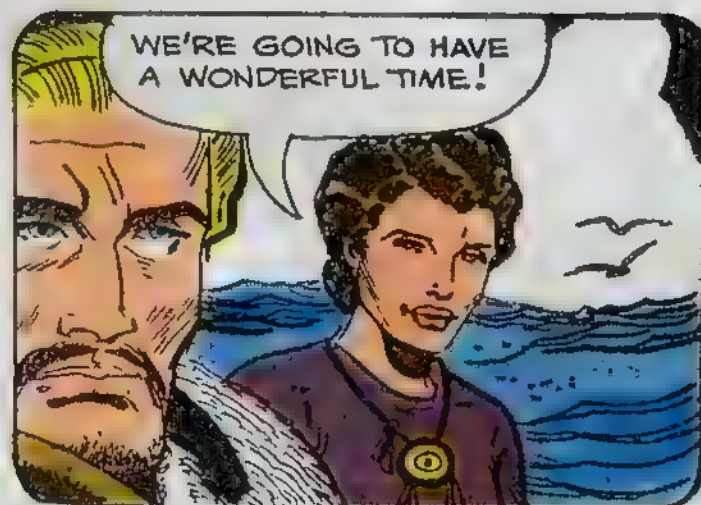
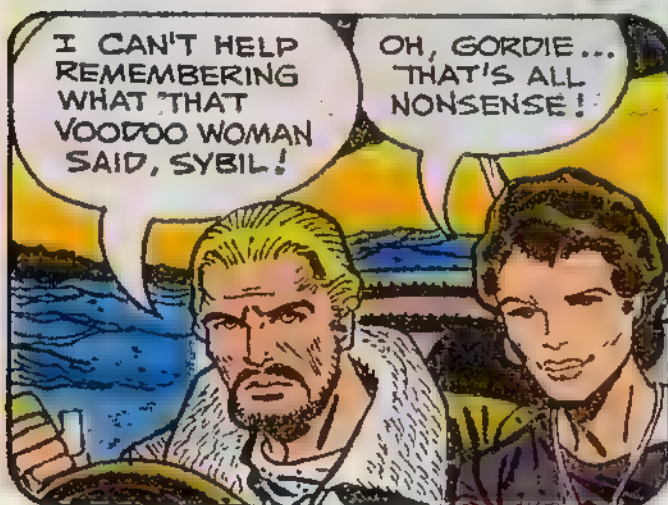
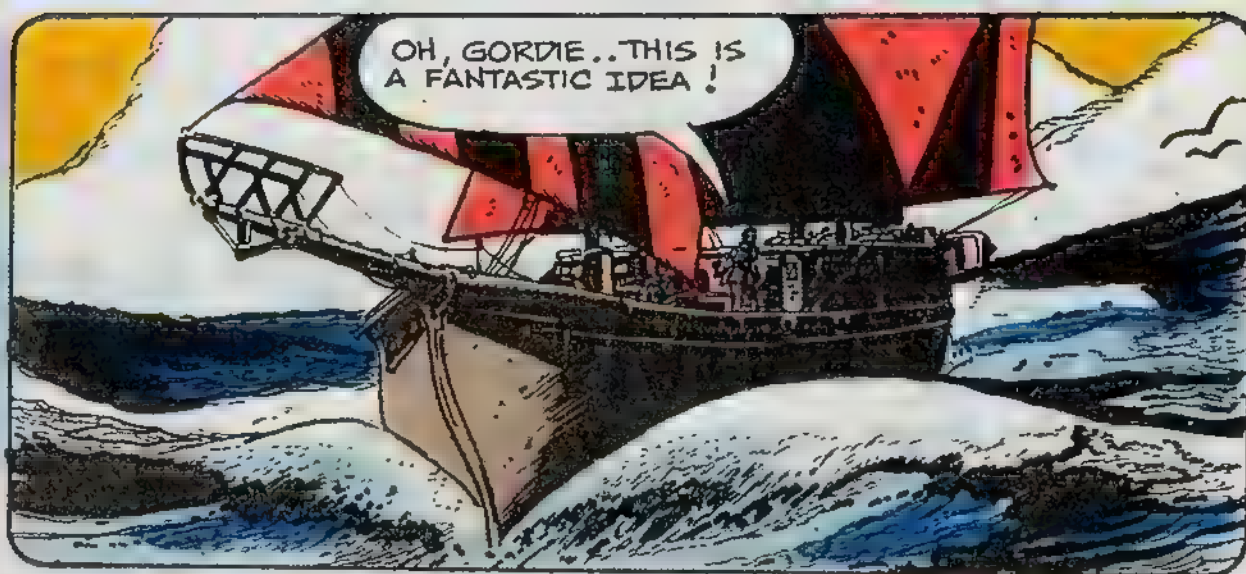


YOU'RE TREMBLING, DEAR! DON'T WORRY .. WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS!

THEY DIDN'T ESCAPE..THEY DIED IN THIS HORRIBLE PLACE!



SYBIL AND GORDIE HAD BEEN MARRIED A FEW MONTHS. GORDIE HAD ALWAYS LOVED THE SEA, AND IT HAD BEEN HIS IDEA TO RENT THE CALYPSO, AND SPEND THEIR TWO WEEKS IN THE CARIBBEAN...





DIDN'T I SEE THAT
NECKLACE IN MAMA
YUHYUH'S VOODOO
HUT, SYBIL?

I DIDN'T THINK
YOU'D BE FOOL
ENOUGH TO
BUY IT!



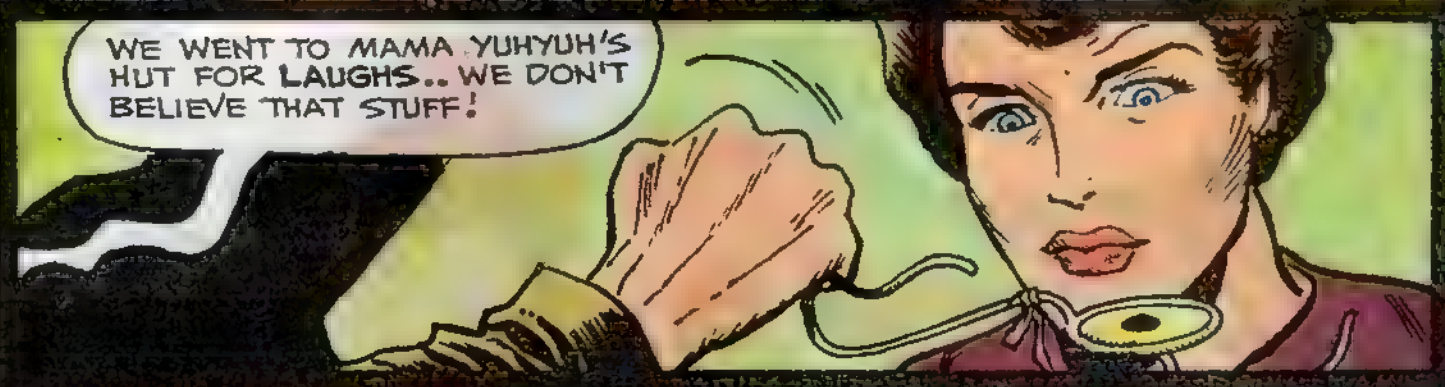
I DIDN'T BUY IT, DARLING
..I KNEW YOU'D DISAPPROVE
..MAMA YUHYUH GAVE IT TO
ME!



SHE SAID I'D NEED IT MORE THAN
ANYONE EVER NEEDED ONE BEFORE!

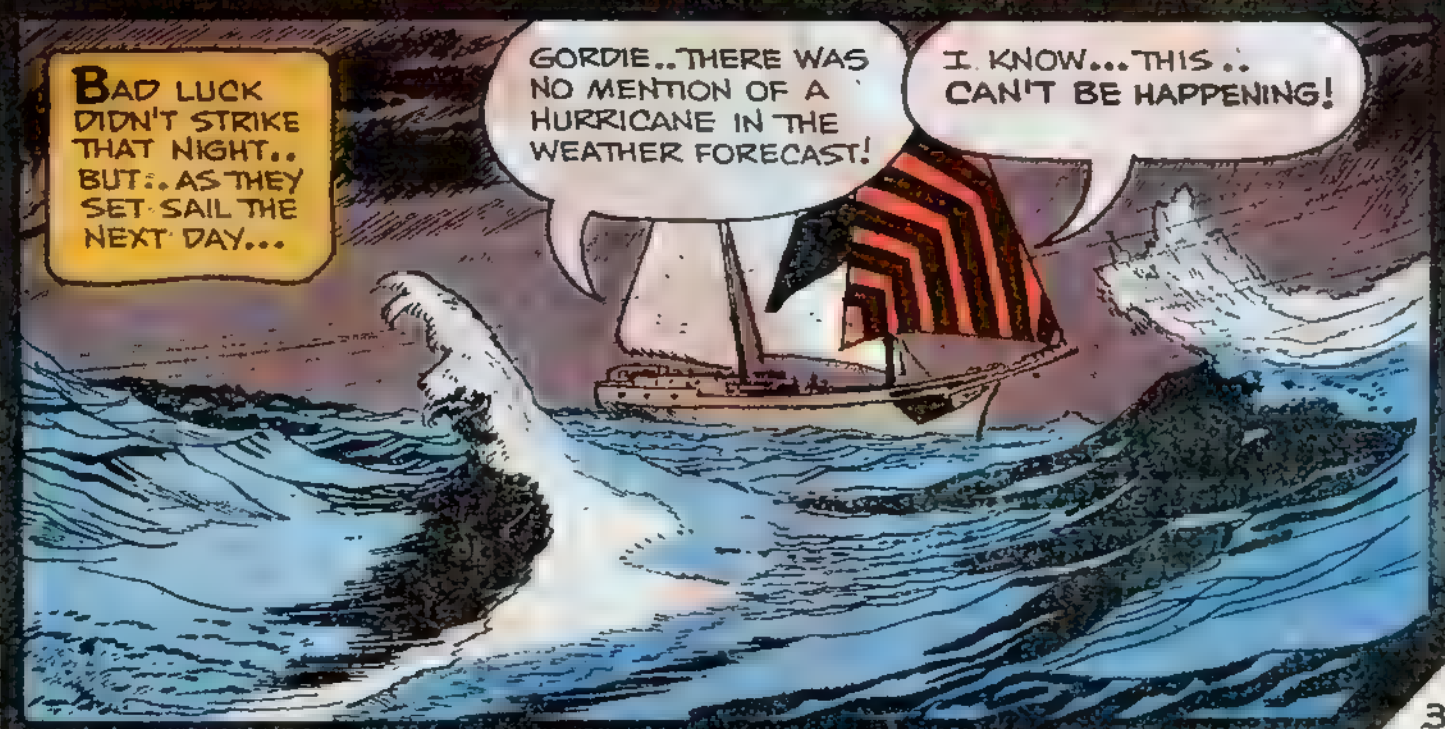


GET THAT
GARBAGE
OFF!



WE WENT TO MAMA YUHYUH'S
HUT FOR LAUGHS.. WE DON'T
BELIEVE THAT STUFF!

BAD LUCK
DIDN'T STRIKE
THAT NIGHT..
BUT.. AS THEY
SET SAIL THE
NEXT DAY...



GORDIE..THERE WAS
NO MENTION OF A
HURRICANE IN THE
WEATHER FORECAST!

I KNOW...THIS..
CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

THE SCREAMING WINDS TORE THE SAILS FROM THE VESSEL.. BATTERING IT UNMERCIFULLY..THE COMPASS MYSTERIOUSLY REFUSED TO WORK...THE AUXILIARY ENGINE WOULDN'T START...

LOOK, GORDIE...
SEAWEED.. DOESN'T
THAT MEAN WE'RE
NEAR SHORE?

WE MUST BE NEAR
LAND, GORDIE.. LOOK
AT THE BIRDS...

NOT NECESSARILY,
SOME SEAWEED
GROWS IN DEEP
WATER!

GORDIE..MY
ARM IS CAUGHT
..IT'S BURNING
ME!

BE CAREFUL,
GORDIE.. DON'T
LET IT GET HOLD
OF YOU!

WE'RE IN THE
SARGASSO SEA...
THE GRAVEYARD
OF LOST SHIPS!

ISN'T IT WEIRD
..ALL THIS SEAWEED
IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE OCEAN!

GORDIE WORKED
ALL DAY AND FAR
INTO THE NIGHT
TRYING TO REPAIR
THE ENGINE.. BUT..

IT'S NO USE, SYBIL..THE
STORM WRECKED OUR ENGINE..

THIS SLOOP WILL LOOK LIKE
THOSE OTHERS SOMEDAY, GORDIE.
WE'RE TRAPPED HERE...WE'LL
DIE!

GORDIE.. A RAT!
HOW CAN AN
ANIMAL BE IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
OCEAN?

THE SEA-WEED
IN THE SARGASSO
SEA IS SO
THICK A MAN
CAN WALK ON
IT IN PLACES
..A RAT WOULD
HAVE NO
TROUBLE!

GORDIE, CAN'T
WE RADIO
FOR...

LOOK OUT,
SYBIL!

IT'S HUGE,
GORDIE!

THEY DON'T GET THAT BIG
IN THE ATLANTIC, SYBIL..
BUT THIS ONE DID!

CAN'T WE RADIO
FOR HELP, GORDIE?

SEA WATER SHORTED OUT OUR
RADIO, SYBIL..THERE MUST BE
A RADIO ABOARD THAT HULK...
IT'S A FAIRLY MODERN SHIP...

THE BOAT IS TOO SMALL FOR US
BOTH! YOU WAIT HERE..GO IN
THE CABIN IF SOMETHING
DANGEROUS COMES NEAR!

THIS IS FOOLISH..I SHOULDN'T
HAVE LEFT HER ALONE!

GORDIE FORGOT
ABOUT THESE..

I FOUND TWO THINGS...I DON'T
KNOW WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT
..MAMA YUHYUH'S TALISMAN..OR
THIS FLARE!

NO!

JUST AS SHE SAID THE WORDS,
THE HUGE CRUSTACEAN'S CLAW
REACHED OUT AND...

BUT, SHE WORE
MAMA YUHYUH'S
GOOD LUCK CHARM
..AND DESPITE
HER FEAR... SHE
REMEMBERED THE
OTHER THING SHE'D
FOUND.... THE
FLARE.. WHICH WAS
SELF-IGNITING
WHEN TRIGGERED!

SUDDENLY, THE
HUGE CRUSTACEAN'S
CLAW OPENED AND
SYBIL WAS DROPPED
INTO THE SEA...

I THOUGHT I'D
LOST YOU, DARLING!

A THIRD
THING
SAVED THEM
A FEW HOURS
LATER.. A
U.S. NAVY
HELICOPTER!

ONE OF OUR
HURRICANE PATROL
PLANES SPOTTED
THE FLARE EARLY
THIS MORNING, MR.
LIND.. WE WERE
SENT OUT FROM THE
CARRIER TO SEARCH
THIS AREA!

TWO THINGS
SAVED ME, GORDIE
..THE FLARE.. AND
MAMA YUHYUH'S
AMULET!

REMAND ME, SYBIL.. SOME
DAY WE'RE GOING BACK
TO MAMA YUHYUH.. AND
GET A GOOD LUCK CHARM
FOR ME TOO!

THE
END

THE VOICE FROM BEYOND

It all started with a phone call from Captain Jim Donaldson of the fishing boat, "Calypso II."

"I begin this Saturday morning," he told me. "So drive down. Fishing should be great. We have the guest room ready for you."

I really need a break from some intensive work I had been doing at police headquarters. So on a Monday morning, I set out for the long drive to Parson's Inlet. I spent Monday night at the Riverhead Inn. I had a good breakfast and then continued my drive on Highway 32. I noticed a sign that read: "For good homemade pies and cakes, stop at Wilson's one hundred yards ahead."

I thought it would be a good idea to sample some of those cakes and pies. So I drove slowly and then stopped at a sort of store fronting on the road. Outside of it were display cases with bakery products. I got out of my car. A very pretty young girl came up to me.

"Help yourself to whatever you wish. Help yourself to whatever you wish. Be my guest. Be my guest."

Now I noticed she repeated everything twice. I filled up a paper bag with cookies and cakes. She refused any money from me. I drove ahead for about two miles. Something was disturbing me. It just didn't make sense. So I turned the car around and went back to that place. It was vacant! Now I knew something was wrong. But what? I had passed a gas station a mile down the road. So I drove there and had my tank filled up and the oil checked. Then I said to the attendant.

"What happened to that place that sells cakes and pies?"

"Funny thing about it," he informed me. "A mother, father, and a pretty young daughter ran it. They came from someplace in Iowa. They were really going fine. Then last week they vanished."

I inquired how to get to police headquarters in town. Twenty minutes later, I was facing the sergeant at the desk. I showed him my badge.

"Dr. William Johnson, the Police Psychologist," he remarked. "I read your article in the Sunday paper. Sure the chief is in."

It was a small town police force consisting of fifteen men—including the chief. He saw me, and I told him of my strange experience.

"If anyone but you told it to me," he smiled "I would have had them take an alcoholic breath

analyzer test. Let's go out there. Use your car if it is o.k."

So we drove to the place. It was still deserted. Then from the back of my car, I took out the package of cookies and cakes. You should see the terrified look on his face.

"It can't be! It can't be! Yet it is. The lake is only a quarter of a mile from here. You got the word 'help' twice. Drive back to my headquarters. We got a scuba diver to go into that lake."

By four in the afternoon, the diver had found two bodies in a car. They were brought to the surface. The medical examiner made a quick check.

"Both shot. I'll make a further report after the autopsy," he told the chief.

"I'll take a guess on it," said the chief. "Both were killed by either a robber or a maniac. But the girl wasn't killed. Hope she is still alive. She got some kind of mind transference message across. You, Dr. Johnson, were the receiver of it. I'll buy it. But where is she?"

"The word guest was repeated twice, and does that word ring a bell in your memory?" I asked.

"Sure does!" half shouted the chief. "Bill Guest worked around the place on week-ends. So we'll go out to his place."

He offered no resistance when the police got there. We found the girl, Helen Wilson, bound and gagged in a room. She was freed and taken back with us to police headquarters.

Bill Guest made a complete confession. He held up the place to get money and killed the father and mother in a struggle. Then bound the girl and put her in his car. He put the two bodies in the Wilson car, drove it to the lake, and then into the deep water. It remained there for two days.

"I am willing to say it was a case of real thought transference," admitted the chief. "But the cookies and cakes were real. Can you explain it?"

"No," I sadly admitted. "But there is this saying: A lot of strange things happen between Earth and Heaven."

"I'll buy it," said the chief. "Meanwhile, my wife said we can take Helen Wilson into our home until she sort of recovers from this terrible experience. She did send out those mental calls for help."



SPREAD CAREFULLY, FOR HERE IN THIS SOUTHERN SWAMP THERE ARE SLITHERING, FANGED CREATURES ... POISONOUS SNAKES, RAVENOUS ALLIGATORS, AND HIDEOUS INSECTS THAT STING AND BITE ... BUT MOST EVIL OF ALL ARE...



HUMANS, OUTWARDLY VERY LIKE YOURSELVES... BUT, IF YOU COULD SEE INTO THEIR BLACKEST OF HEARTS AND SOULS, YOU WOULD KNOW THEY ARE DEADLIER THAN ANY OTHER SPECIES! THIS IS A BACKWATER... THE TOWN NEAREST THIS SWAMP WAS TRANQUIL ONCE...



... BUT NOW THE CITIZENS OF BERILTON STAY INDOORS AT NIGHT BEHIND LOCKED WINDOWS AND DOORS FOR THEY KNOW... IT IS ON NIGHTS LIKE THIS...

WHEN SATAN WALKS...

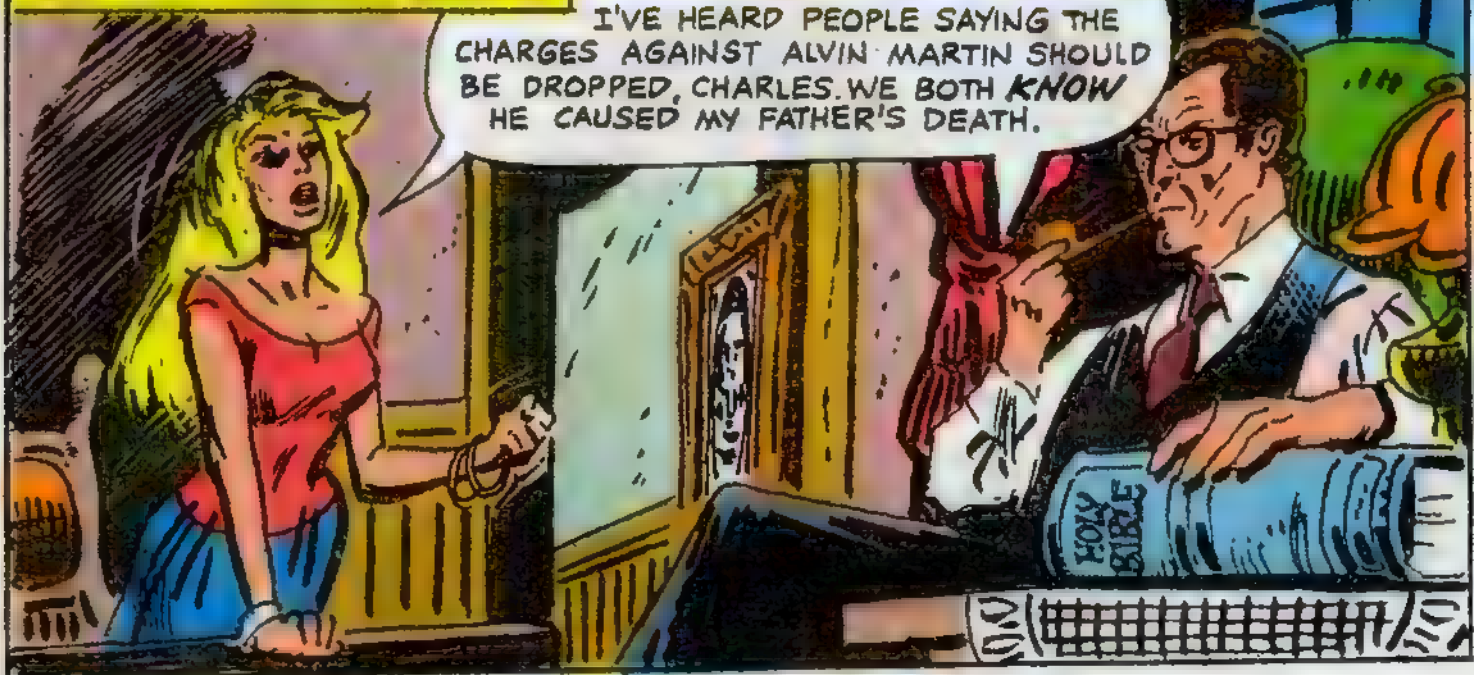
I HAVE SENT WORD, MASTER. YOUR FOLLOWERS WILL BE HERE FOR LAMMAS!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, WITCH JUDITH. THE FOOLS THINK THEY WILL TRY ME THE FOLLOWING DAY
... **AUGUST 1.**

WE WILL TEACH THEM WHO HAS THE REAL POWER IN BERILTON!

IN THE TOWN, CHARLES ELLIOTT DISCUSSED THE SAME SUBJECT WITH YOUNG GLORIA BRENT...

I'VE HEARD PEOPLE SAYING THE CHARGES AGAINST ALVIN MARTIN SHOULD BE DROPPED, CHARLES. WE BOTH **KNOW** HE CAUSED MY FATHER'S DEATH.



WHEN YOUR FATHER FIRED MARTIN FOR EMBEZZLEMENT, HE SAID HE HAD **PROOF** OF MARTIN'S GUILT!



YOUR FATHER TELEPHONED SHERIFF SCHILLING AND SAID HE WAS BRINGING THE EVIDENCE TO HIS OFFICE.

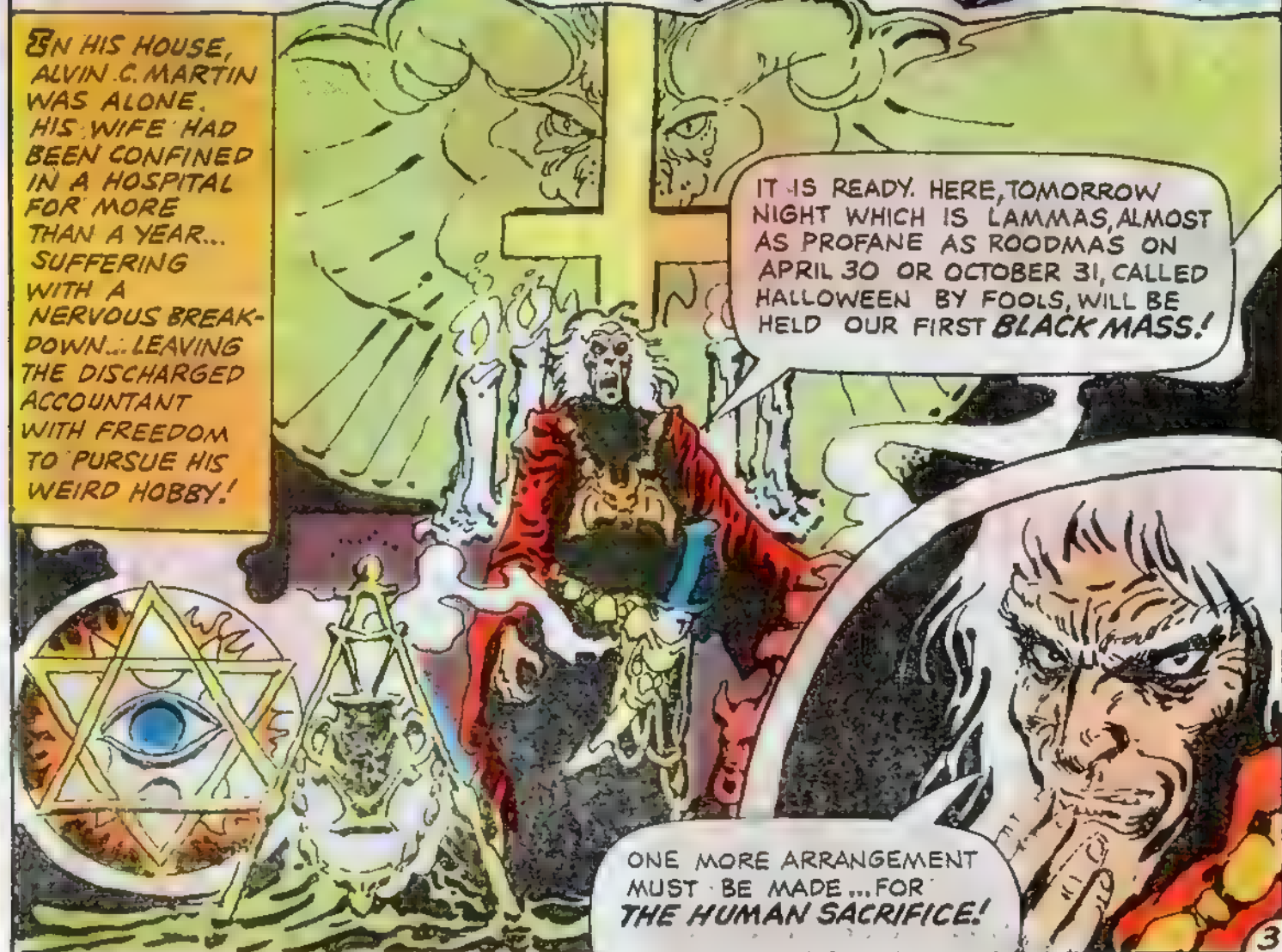
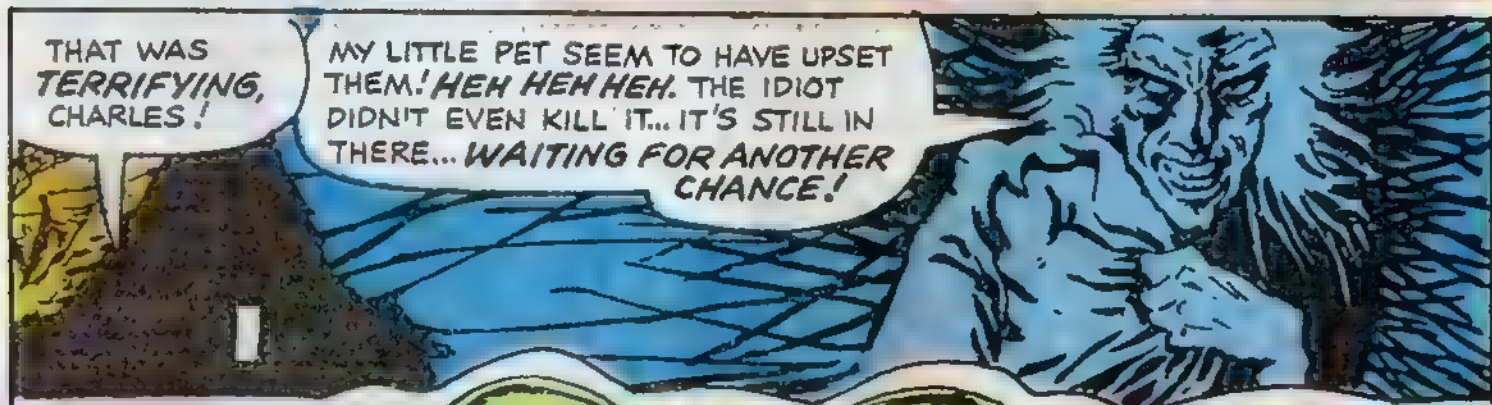


ELLIOTT'S THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY! I'LL **DESTROY** HIM **BEFORE** HE BRINGS ME TO TRIAL!

MARTIN PUT A **CURSE** ON YOUR FATHER BEFORE WITNESSES AND YOUR FATHER, DRIVING TOO FAST, DIED ON THE WAY TO SEE THE SHERIFF!

EEEEEEEE!!!





IN HIS HOUSE, ALVIN C. MARTIN WAS ALONE. HIS WIFE HAD BEEN CONFINED IN A HOSPITAL FOR MORE THAN A YEAR... SUFFERING WITH A NERVOUS BREAK-DOWN... LEAVING THE DISCHARGED ACCOUNTANT WITH FREEDOM TO PURSUE HIS WEIRD HOBBY!

ONE MORE ARRANGEMENT MUST BE MADE... FOR THE HUMAN SACRIFICE!

JUDITH CLAY HAD ALWAYS BEEN STRANGE. SHE HAD NEVER BEEN INTERESTED IN DATING OR PARTIES OR PRETTY CLOTHES...

HEY, JUDY, REMEMBER THE TIME I STUCK CHEWIN' GUM IN YER HAIR?

I NEVER FORGET ANYTHING, LOU!

REMEMBER HOW YOUR EYES CROSSED WHEN I PUT THE SPELL ON YOU RIGHT AFTER THAT?

THEY'RE CROSSED AGAIN!

I CAN'T SEE RIGHT, TOM. SHE HEXED ME AGAIN! SHE'S A WITCH!

ANOTHER CREATURE OF THE NIGHT WHO DID NOT LOOK AS EVIL IN THE HARSH REALITY OF THE DAY WAS OUT. ALVIN C. MARTIN WAS BUSY...

MY HOUSE TONIGHT, LEWIS. ELEVEN O'CLOCK. THERE'LL BE NO MOON.

YOU'RE GONNA DO IT, MASTER? WE'RE GONNA HAVE A REAL BLACK MASS?

DON'T WE NEED SOMEBODY TO OFFER UP? AIN'T IT DANGEROUS?

YOU'LL ALL HAVE MASKS. YOU CAN'T BE IDENTIFIED. BESIDES, THE ONE I HAVE CHOSEN WILL NEVER COMPLAIN.

YOU WERE IN SCHOOL WITH GLORIA BRENT. MEET HER BY CHANCE AND USE YOUR POWERS TO BRING HER TO MY HOUSE TONIGHT AT ELEVEN.

THAT WILL NOT BE DIFFICULT, MASTER.

STRANGE? INCREDIBLE? NOT REALLY. SUCH SUB-CULTS ARE NOT THAT RARE. IN THIS SMALL TOWN DOZENS OF SATAN WORSHIPERS OF EVIL HAD BEEN INDUCTED INTO THE MASTER'S COVINE... BUT NEVER BEFORE HAD ALVIN C. MARTIN DARED TO OPENLY WORSHIP HIS MASTER, SATAN!

PLEASE, JUDITH. WE AREN'T FRIENDS AND I DON'T WANT...

I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU THE PENDANT I JUST BROUGHT, GLORIA. TELL ME IF YOU FIND IT INTERESTING?

ISN'T IT SHINY? LOOK AT THE STONE ... IT MAKES YOU SLEEPY... SLEEP, GLORIA... SLEEP.

COME TO ALVIN MARTIN'S HOUSE AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK TONIGHT. DO NOT TELL ANYONE WHERE YOU ARE GOING. YOU WILL NOT REMEMBER THIS WHEN YOU AWAKEN.

AWAKE!

THE DAY WAS HOT AND STILL. IN THE DISTANCE, CLOUDS LOOMED AND LIGHTNING FLICKERED AFAR... AS A FEELING OF FOREBODING AND DOOM FELL UPON THE TOWN.

NOT COMPLETELY, GLORIA. YOU KNOW SOME OF THE KOOKS IN THIS TOWN WHO MEET NOW AND THEN AT MARTIN'S HOUSE?

YOU FEEL IT TOO, CHARLES? IS IT BECAUSE OF THE TRIAL TOMORROW?

THEY'RE ALL BEHAVING WEIRDLY. CANCELING APPOINTMENTS AND ALL THAT. LEW LYDEN'S WIFE HATES THE MUMBO- JUMBO LEW IS MIXED UP IN. SHE CALLED TO SAY THERE'S A MEETING TONIGHT.

THERE *IS* SOMETHING TONIGHT... CHARLES, I CAN'T GO TO THAT MOVIE WITH YOU. I HAVE OTHER PLANS ...I THINK!

GOOD GRIEF... NOT YOU TOO?

THEY BEGAN ARRIVING AT ELEVEN... AND ONE OF THE ARRIVALS WAS GLORIA BRENT.

YOU CAME AS I KNEW YOU WOULD. FOLLOW ME, GLORIA.

SHE WISHES TO HELP US PLEASE OUR MASTER, THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS.

INCENSE BURNED AND THE THICK AROMATIC SMOKE HUNG HEAVY IN THE AIR AS MORE COWLED, ROBED WORSHIPPERS ARRIVED. AT A WORD FROM THE MASTER, GLORIA BRENT TOOK HER PLACE, ROBED NOW IN SCARLET...



O PRINCE OF EVIL, WE HAVE GATHERED TO WORSHIP YOU AND OFFER A SACRIFICE TO YOUR DEMONIC MAJESTY!

NOW... ACCEPT HER INTO YOUR KINGDOM OF EVIL!



HURRY, CHARLES



DROP THAT KNIFE, MARTIN! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

WE'RE JUST FRIENDS HAVING A PRIVATE PARTY.

YOU WERE THREATENING WITH A DEADLY WEAPON. THE WOMAN, JUDITH CLAY, CAUSED BODILY INJURY TO A YOUNG MAN.

THIS MEETING WAS FILMED AND TAPE RECORDED. I OBTAINED A COURT ORDER.



FIVE WEEKS LATER ALVIN C. MARTIN WAS SENTENCED ON A VARIETY OF CHARGES BUT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY DOUBTED IF HE'D GO TO PRISON. A PANEL OF PSYCHIATRISTS SAID HE WAS MENTALLY ILL.

MOST OF THEM HAVE LEFT TOWN, GLORIA. GOOD RIDDANCE I SAY.

WAITING FOR YOU THAT NIGHT WAS THE MOST FRIGHTENING THING I'VE EVER KNOWN.



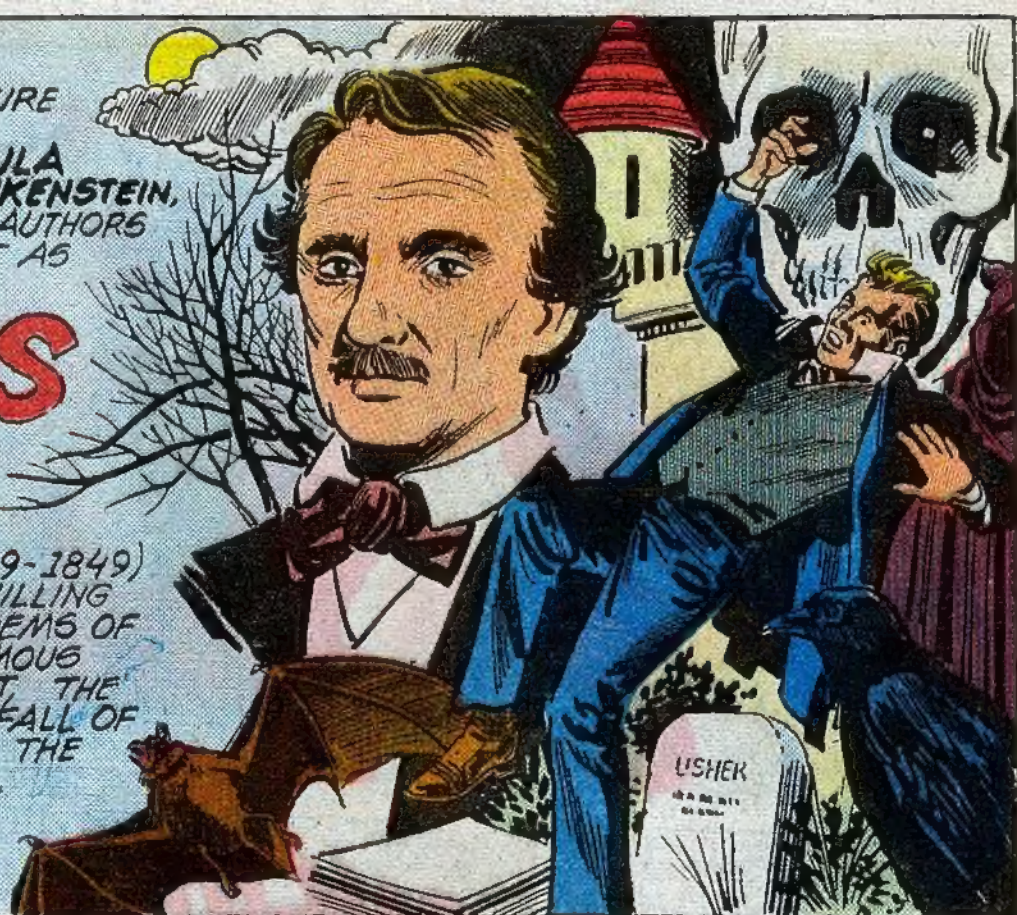
THE END

MOST READERS OF SUPERNATURAL LITERATURE ARE FAMILIAR WITH BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA OR MARY SHELLY'S FRANKENSTEIN, BUT THERE ARE OTHER AUTHORS WHO DESERVE AT LEAST AS MUCH ATTENTION.

AUTHORS OF ?

EDGAR ALLEN POE (1809-1849) WAS KNOWN FOR HIS CHILLING SHORT STORIES AND POEMS OF SOME OF HIS MOST FAMOUS WORKS: THE BLACK CAT, THE TELL TALE HEART, THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER, THE BELLS AND THE RAVEN.

WRITTEN BY: NICOLA CUTI
ART BY: FRANK BOHE



HOWARD PHILIPS LOVECRAFT (1890-1937) BASED MOST OF HIS WEIRD STORIES ON THE IDEA THAT BEFORE MANKIND, ANOTHER RACE WAS DOMINANT. THE OLD ONES ARE NOW HIDDEN, BUT WAITING TO REGAIN CONTROL.



RAY BRADBURY IS ALIVE TODAY AND IS CONTINUALLY TURNING OUT TALES THAT FRIGHTEN EVEN THE STRONG HEARTED. MANY OF HIS STORIES HAVE BEEN MADE INTO MOVIES AND HIS WORKS HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED IN EVERY MAJOR STORY MAGAZINE IN THE COUNTRY.

